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DAVIS & CREWS,
For Banner;
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MISCELLANY.

PREVENTION OF PITTING IN SMALL POX.—Mr. Startin, the senior surgeon to the Gurney Hospital for diseases of the skin, has communicated to the Medical Times, a very important plan, which he has adopted during the last fourteen years, for preventing pitting in small-pox, and which, he states, has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the acetum cantharides, or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel hair brush to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease on all the exposed surface of the body, until blistering is evident by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it, is to be washed off with water o. thin arrow-root gruel. The pain attending the application of the vesicating fluid is very slight and transient.

MINNESOTA.—The bill reported by Senator Douglas from the Senate committee on Territories, declares that Minnesota shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects. It proves that that the State shall be entitled to one representative in Congress, and such additional representatives as the population may show they are entitled to according to the present ratio of representation, leaving the House to ascertain the number when the full returns of the census shall be received—presuming that the residue of the returns will be received by the time the bill shall become a law. So far as ascertained the population is 136,461, with seven counties and part of another to be heard from.

THE WEATHER AT THE SOUTH.—Green peas and new potatoes are abundant in the vicinity of New Orleans, On some plantations the orange trees are putting forth their blossoms, and in others are yielding an abundance of fruit. The Picayune acknowledges the receipt of a mess of ripe strawberries grown in the open air, without the aid of glass. A letter from Florida says—"peach trees are in full bloom, and all kinds of tress are out like May. People are very busy gardening." In Mobile roses and all kinds of flowers in full bloom.

THE PARSON AND THE LADY.—A young clergyman residing in this city a short time ago paid a flying visit to London, and in Oxford street met a young lady weeping bitterly. Touched by her distress he accosted her, and she told him that she had just come to town from Birmingham with her father, that she had missed him in the street, and being an utter stranger was utterly at a loss where to go or what to do. Our friend recommended her to return at once to Birmingham, and put her into a cab to proceed to Euston square station, stating that he would have accompanied her if he had not been obliged to return to Bristol immediately. Before driving off he asked the young lady if she had any money to pay her fare, and she replied in the negative. Our friend then handed her a couple of sovereigns and his card, and the cab drove off. Now, we dare say, that the reader anticipates the *denoument*, and is prepared to join in the laugh with which the friends of the clergyman greeted him as a victim of the arts of the whimpering miss. But "he who laughs last laughs best," says the proverb; and this was the reward of our friend; for after enduring much good-natured sarcasm, and, what is perhaps worse, some real pity for his ignorance of female wiles and ingenuity, the story of the forlorn damsel turned out to be true. A few days since our friend received a letter from the lady's father, an aged clergyman, stating that he had accidentally lost his daughter as the young lady described, and thanking him for "the most disinterested act of kindness he had ever met with in the course of a long life." Of course an order was enclosed for the repayment of the loan, which bears the highest of all interest, gratitude; and may we not add public respect!

Bristol (England) Mirror.

TWO WAYS TO TELL A STORY.—Elizabeth Barrett relates the following episode in her history:

[From the Southern Cultivator.]

Grape Growing And Wine Making Made Easy.

The attention of all our readers, who desire to participitate in the pleasures and profits of Vineyard culture in the South, is called to the excellent treatise of A. DeCaradeuc, Esq; in the present number. Like very many others, we heretofore have been deterred entering largely into the Culture, of the Vine, by fear of the expense and difficulty attending it. We have been taught to look upon the production of good Wine in the South, as exceedingly problematical. No one doubted the capacity of our sunny clime for the growth of the grape; "but"—the making of good wine afterwards—there was the difficulty! Well that difficulty has vanished—the mystery is solved—"granite laboratories" and deep cellars are perhaps, well enough in their way, but by no means indispensable; and hereafter, any man may plant his Vineyard with the same certainty of being able to make a largely paying crop of good wine, that he would feel of making bread from his corn or wheat field.

We have recently made two visits to the vineyards of Dr. McDonald, and our correspondent, Mr. DeCaradeuc. We have inquired minutely into their system of planting and culture—we have examined their soils, locations and aspects—have eaten their grapes, and drank their wines of various flavors and qualities—but all *pure*, invigorating, and vastly superior to the foreign trash for which we pay so dearly—We have, (so far as our brief time would permit,) familiarized ourselves with their processes for making these wines, and with all the advantages and disadvantages of the business; and the result is, a deliberate conviction that the *Field Culture of the Grape*, as practiced by these gentlemen, is one of the *surest and most remunerative branches of rural industry*, and destined in a very few years to become of great and significant importance to the South.—There are thousands of acres of uplands all around us, too poor for either cotton or corn, that will pay from $200 to $500 per acre in wine, the third or fourth year from planting, and which, if properly managed, may be made to clear expenses from the very outset. Much of this land can be purchsed for a mere trifle, (five or ten dollars per acre,) and if it will pay even two hundred dollars per acre in wine, after the third year, what other field crop now cultivated in the South can begin to compare with it? The experience of the vinters in Ohio, shows an average yield of four hundred gallons to the acre, and that we can safely count on equaling this need not be doubted.

In fact, the testimony of both the gentlemen above alluded to, (who have had sixteen year experience,) as well as the recent successes of Mr. Axt, and many others, justifies us in claiming for the Culture of the Grape far more attention than it has ever yet received in the South, and of earnestly urging it upon the notice our subscribers.

We can fully endorse, from our own knowledge, all the statements of Mr. DeCaradeuc; and commend his article to the special attention of our readers. We do not claim *perfection* for his system nor does Mr. C. himself—but we do contend that it is the cheapest, easiest, and surest way of profitably cultivating the Vine, yet offered to the public.

GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

Editors Southern Cultivator.—Agreeably to your request, I now hand you a few remarks about our method of planting out and taking care of a Vineyard. I say, "our method," for I claim it is peculiar to Dr. McDonnald and myself; and we have adopted it, not through ignorance of more complicated and more costly methods, but first, on account of its *simplicity* and *cheapness*, and then, having well succeeded, why, should we alter course? I do not pretend to say it is *the best*, nor do I wish to deter any so disposed to go to the expense of trenching their lands three feet in depth; but there are very many farmers who have not the means to incur expenses, who wish to plant out an acre or two of vines but are literally frightened out of it, not only by the mystery and difficulties which heretofore, have been connected with the business, but also, by fear of the money which is to come out of their pockets before they receive any return. First, so many hundred dollars for trenching, and grubbing, and manuring; then as many more for vines; then so many more to learn how to stick the cuttings into the ground; and then so many more to learn how to prune; then to learn how to make the wine, how to keep it &c; and, to crown it all, so many thousands for a cellar. And if it so happens, he is able and willing to stand all this a hundred to one, he is frightened half out of his senses, and gives up in despair of every being able to unravel the mystery, and master the awful science of Wine making especially if he happens to hear of "granite laboratories" being built for the express purpose of imparting instruction for a remuneration!

PREPARATION OF THE LAND.

I prefer new land,—such as would bring from four to six bushels of corn to the acre; select if, possible, a piece on easterly, or south easterly exposure, and on a hill side, if you have such; if you have not, level land will do, provided it be not too retentive of moisture. Sandy soil is the best, although dry clay hill-sides will answer very well. Clear the land and break it up with plows, as for corn; but all trees must of course, be cut down and removed. Now get a parcel of small stakes, three to four feet long, and proceed to mark out the rows; if the land be level let the rows be straight; but if on a hill side, lay them off horizontally, or level without regard to straightness; this is in order to prevent the washing away of the soil, (see one of the late numbers of the *Cultivator* for a simple leveling instrument.) I make my rows eight or nine feet apart, I prefer that distance on account of driving carts between to haul stake, or manure, when it becomes necessary, or in vintage time. Having staked off the rows to your satisfaction, proceed to open the trenches or ditches; let them be about two feet wide, and some fourteen inches deep, large plows followed by long shovels, will very quickly do the work in sandy soil. The next thing is to plant; this can be done, in our Southern climate, from the middle of November to the end of March. I prefer rooted plants; others give the preference to cuttings; the first will save one year, and you can plant them deeper, which is a great object. Make yourself a wooden compass, with an opening of four feet six inches at the points, and mark out the distance for your vines in the bottom of the trenches; drop the vines in their places, and proceed to plant them. Two men, with short handled hoes, will plant a great many in a day; one deepens the hole to let the roots go some inches deeper than the bottom of the ditch; the other places the vine upright and holds it until the first has put earth around it. If you have other hands let them follow with hoes and refill the trench, so that the top eye of the vine will be about on a level with the surface. Put a short stake to each vine, to mark it place. There is nothing more to do until the spring grass will call your plows and hoes into use; then work them as you would corn or cotton. You may plant two rows, and they will not interfere with the vines in the least.

FIRST PRUNING.

In the winter, at any time between the 1st of December and the 15th of March, take a sharp knife, remove every branch except one, and cut that down above the second or third eye of the last growth; break the land with a half-shovel plow as for corn, passing the nearest furrow about twelve inches from the vines. Give them a stake about four feet long; they will, in the spring, shoot out many suckers, and put out eyes where they have no business; cut out the suckers with a long handled chisel, and rub off all the eyes excepting the two or three you left in pruning; these, as they grow up, should be fastened to the stakes, with bits of soft string, bark, or anything else you may have at hand.—Keep the land cultivated with plow and hoe, and plant peas between.

SECOND PRUNING.

The second winter's pruning is a repetition of the first, but you must replace the small stakes by good lasting wood, from six to eight feet long. There will be some fruit. The summer's work is the same as above.

THIRD PRUNING.

The third winter's pruning is different; remove all branches or canes, save the two strongest; of these, cut the highest about eighteen inches long, and the other about three inches—the longest is intended for fruit; the latter, which is called "spur," is to make wood for next year. Towards spring, bend this long branch *horizontally*, and fasten the end of it strongly to a short stake, placed at a sufficient distance. In the West this cane is made to form a complete circle by fastening the end of it to the foot of the vine; this is called "arching." The object of arching is to moderate and regulate the flow of the sap, in order that it may fill all the eyes on the cane, for if the cane were left perpendicular, the sap would pass the lowest eyes, and rush upwards into the top. But, in my opinion, arching over does the business, and the sap, whose tendency is always upwards, will most generally stop at the eyes on the upper part of the arch, and develope them strongly; and those below will put out very weakly, or not at all—while, when the cane is laid *horizontally*, they all get their share much more equally divided. The vine should also be strongly fastened to the large stake. All who plant vines must plant out Osier Willow, whose twigs are superior to any others for tying, although I have made use of the young twigs of Black Gum, or of the Wild Willow, and of the bark of young Hickory.

During this summer, the vines will throw out strong branches, which must be fastened to the stakes as they grow, until they reach the top, when they may be left hang over. Plow a line as usual; plow deep in summer make use of a scraper. After this, the winter pruning is always, more or less, a repetition of this last; one spur, and one or two bearing canes, according to the strength of the vine. In pruning, let the cut be clean and close, leaving no small ends of dead wood, which will surely injure the old stem. Among old vines, a small toothed butcher-saw will greatly assist the operation.

I do not approve of summer pruning; vines and fruit require all the shelter they can muster to preserve them from our burning sun. Persons engaged in the grape culture should not lose sight of pruning; it is to moderate and equalize the production of fruit, thereby improving its quality, and sparing the health and life of the vine. We are often told that this or that person has a vine, which is never pruned, climbs to the summit of high trees, bears abundantly, is very old, etc. A single vine is very different from twelve hundred to the acre—and in many parts of Italy, where they have adopted the tree culture, the quality of the wine, which formerly ranked high, has completely been destroyed. I never wish to see my vines average more than from twelve to fifteen bunches each. Quality is better than quantity.

The Catawba seemed to have usurped the most prominent place among the natives. At the West it is by far the greatest favorite; perhaps, there are others do no succeed as well. At the South, most persons are following in the wake of our Western brethren, and have taken it for granted that none others are worth cultivating, and condemn without knowing them. The Catawba is certainly a beautiful looking grape, and a great bearer; but its honied and wild musky flavor, (which is unfortunately too strongly retained in the wine,) is a very serious objection for a palate accustomed to a more delicate fruit or beverage. The "boquet," or perfume, of wine is a precious quality but this is "too much of the good thing."

Foreign grapes must be discarded for wine making. After a fair trial, we, like many others, have come to the conclusion that they cannot stand our climate.

Of all the natives that have come within my reach, I give a decided preference to the Warren and the Isabella, both great bearers, but, like the Catawba, subject to the rot. The former makes a delicate wine of the color of Madeira, but not so strong; the latter, a light beautiful colored Claret, very similar to Bordeaux wines. I also, like what we here call the Burgundy and Black July, (both misnamed,)—the first being the best table grape we have in this country, and making a delightful Madeira colored wine; the Black July makes a very dark rich, red wine, not unlike Port. These two vines are not great bearers, but their fruit does not rot.

MAKING WINE.

My process for making wine is different from that followed in the West and in Georgia. The grapes being gathered, and all unsound or green berries removed, they are thrown into large tubs, or half barrels, and thoroughly crushed with the hand; the contents are then emptied into large vats (hogheads,) which are filled to within fourteen inches of the top; cover these with homespun and boards, to keep out gnats and flies. In a very short time fermentation commences; the mass swells and rises to the top, and should be pressed down with a wooden paddle, two or three times per day. The next morning the clear juice is drawn from a fascet, near the bottom, and poured into a barrel; when no more juice comes out, the mass in the vat is then carried to the press and what liquid remains in it is squeezed out; this is usually very thick, and is put into another barrel, as it is of inferior quality. Be sure that your barrels are filled to within three inches of the bung; less than that would leave too much air in contact with the wine, and would cause it to sour; more than that would cause it to overflow in the fermentation which for a few days will be very brisk; when this has subsided, fill the barrels to one inch of the bung, with wine reserved for that purpose, and close the bungs tightly. Be very careful that the barrels, tubs, vats, etc., be all perfectly clean and sweet, as the slightest degree of uncleanliness would be fatal to the wine.

There now remains nothing to do until the next winter, when the wine is drawn into other barrels in order to clarify it. The dark Claret is allowed to ferment on the skins for four or five days, in order to extract all the collor; it is then treated as the others.

Another item, believed by many to be positively indispensable and the cost of which is very considerable is a *cellar*. Till now our wine cellars have been but very slight board-houses on the surface, and we have lost no wine from acidity, except where we could trace it to leakage, or some other cause. And in order still more to cheapen and simplify the business, and remove all mystery from it, I have taught my negroes to go through the entire process, from the planting and pruning to the bottling of the wine. They are fully as intelligent as the peasantry of Europe, and much more to be depended upon. Here we have another decided advantage over the Western folks, who are dependent upon the caprices of foreign laborers, and many are the airs they put on when they come to this country.

By following the above directions, which I have endeavored to give in such a manner as to be within the understanding of all, and making use of a little judgement in modifying them according to circumstances the most inexperienced farmer can set himself out a vineyard, and skill will come with experience. I wish to see as many as possible engage in the business, as the more we are the better it will be for all, and centuries will elapse before it ceases to pay.—We hope, ere long, to see a Southern Society of Wine Growers, with its centre at Augusta, offering to the world pure and luscious wines, of all hues and of all flavors.

I should state that Dr. McDonald's mode of planting vines is more simple than mine. He makes no ditches, but only holes, about sixteen inches in diameter and eighteen deep, and plants the cuttings in these. His vines are remarkably fine, as all who see them can testify. Ditches require more labor at first but then there is the advantage of having that part of your land broken which the plow cannot afterwards reach.

V. C.

Woodward, S. C., Sept. 1857.

Female Diplomatists in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian says:

Among the institutions of Washington is a class of female "diplomatists," "intriguers," "politicians," or "office beggars," as you may please to style them, which as a class, cannot be paralleled in the world. These women are generally strong-minded in the fullest sense of the term. No little feminine scruples among them; no blush of modesty ever comes between them and success; but they "go in to win," on the principle that

"When a woman will, she will,
You may depend on't!
And when she won't, she won't,
So there's the end on't."

A few days ago, one of these amazons arrived here to secure a position for a son who seemed to inherit all the feminine traits which his mother lacked. True to the principles of her class, she went to work. If she caught a glimpse of a Cabinet officer, she hailed him. If she met a Senator, she button-holed him; and if she came in contract with a poor "member," only, she collared him. All were alike attacked, and had to suffer the infliction of a woman's tongue for an hour at least. Heavens! what misery. Even the President was not safe, and rumor has it that the war was carried into his sanctum, and that the statesman of half a century had to quail before the modern Xantippe. At last, in the course of events, she met a distinguished Senator from the New England States, who has a tongue of his own, and knows how to use it. A battery was at once opened. Round shot, bombs, cannisters, slugs, grape and "BB was poured into the dignitary without mercy and without even a pause for breath. When she had literally "gin out," as Sam Slick would say, the Senator asked if her son was with her.

She replied by calling Spooney to her, who came like a "Squeers" boy for his "molasses and brimstone," and was duly presented.

"Is this the young man whom you want appointed?" asked the Senator.

"Yes, sir," the mother replied; "and oh! sir, he's set his heart upon it, and it will be a great disappointment, and I hope———"

"Beg pardon, madam, but did you say you wanted him to join the army?"

"Yes, sir, the Dragoons, if you please."

"Well, madam, my influence is not great, but I will endeavor to serve you if you will adopt a suggestion of mine."

"Oh! with pleasure, sir; you ary so very kind."

"Then, madame, from what I see of yourself and son, allow me to recommend that you apply for the admission in the Dragoons; and that your son be sent back to serve with the *home infantry*. I am sure the country would gain be the change."

Xantippe glowed and swelled, but before she had time to explede, the Senator was gone.

A GREAT WORK.—A writer in the Atlantic Monthly thus refers to the great work of Agassiz, modestly entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." According to this reviewer, Mr. Agassiz has commenced "one of the monumental labors of our country," the like of which, in the way of systematic natural science, has not been witnessed on the Western Continent. No naturalist since Cuvier has attempted such an immense task with the same powers of observation, analysis and reflection. "We do not assume to say," says the reviewer, "where in the category of fully equipped intelligence Mr. Agassiz belongs. But if the union of the most extraordinary observing powers with an almost poetic perception of analogies, with a wide compass of thought, the classifying instinct and habit, large knowledge of books, and personal intimacy with the leaders in various departments of knowledge, and with this the upward looking aspect of mind and heart, which is the crowning gift of all—if the union of these qualities can give to the man of science a claim to the nobler name of wisdom, it is not flattery, but justice to award this distinction to Mr. Agassiz."

Fate must trouble itself about a number of foolish people; for no sooner does a fool gets into trouble of his own making, than he puts itself down to fate.

Compliment to Dr. Charles Mackay.

A number of gentlemen in Washington, (says the National Intelligencer,) admirers of Dr. Mackay's genius and gratified listeners to his recent lectures here, desirous of paying him a quiet and unostentatious compliment before his departure, as a mark of their respect for the man and the author, invited him to a private banquet at Gausier's saloon, last evening. The company, though limited, embraced a number of the most distinguished gentlemen, amongst whom we may be permitted to mention Gen. James Shields, Gov. Price, Hon. Mr. Seward, Gen. Quitman, Hon. Mr. Boyce, Hon. Mr. Sherman, Hon. Mr. Bulingame, Hon. Mr. Morse, Hon. E Ward, and the Hon. Mr. Parrott. Lord Napier and Sir Wm. Ousley were invited, both of whom wrote letters declining on account of prior engagements. Gen. Shields, by invitation, presided at the entertainment, and, after the cloth had been removed, he made a few appropriate remarks, concluding with a sentiment, in response to which Mr. Mackay delighted the company by delivering the annexed poem:

John and Jonathan.

Said brother Jonathan to John,
"You are the elder born,
And I can bear another's hate,
But not your slightest scorn,
You've lived a life of noble strife,
You've made a world your own,
Why, when I follow in your steps,
Receive me with a groan?

I feel the promptings of my youth,
That urge me evermore
To spread my fame, my race, my name,
From shore to furthest shore.
I feel the lightnings in my blood,
The thunders in my hand,
ad I must work my destiny
Whoever may withstand.

And if you'd give me, brother John,
The sympathy I crave,
And stretch your warm fraternal hand
Across the Atlantic wave,
I'd give it such a cordial grasp
That earth should start to see,
And ancient crowns and sceptres shake
That fear both you and me."

Said brother John to Jonathan,
"You do my nature wrong;
I never hated, never scorned,
But loved you well and long.
If children of the self-same sire,
We've quarrel'd now and then,
'Twas only in our early youth,
And not since we were men.

And if with cautious, cooler blood,
Result of sufferings keen,
I sometimes think you move too fast,
Mistake not what I mean.
I've felt the follies of my youth,
The errors of my prime.
And dreamed for you—my father's son—
A future more sublime.

And here's my hand, 'tis freely given,
I stretch it o'er the brine.
And wish you from my heart of hearts
A higher life than mine.
Together let us rule the world,
Together work and thrive,
For if you're only twenty-one
I'm scarcely thirty-five.

And I have strength for nobler work
Than e'er my hand has done,
And realms to rule and truths to plant
Beyond the rising sun.
Take you the West and I the East,
We'll spread ourselves abroad,
With trade and spade, and wholesome laws,
And faith in man and God.

Take you the West and I the East!
We speak the self-same tongue
That Milton wrote and Chatham spoke,
And Burns and Shakspeare sung:
And from our tongue, our hand, our heart,
Shall countless blessings flow,
To light two darkened hemispheres
That know not where they go.

Our Anglo-Saxon name and fame,
Our Anglo-Saxon speech,
Received their mission straight from Heaven
To civilize and teach.
So here's my hand, I stretch it forth;
Ye meaner lands look on!
From this day hence there's friendship firm
'Twixt Jonathan and John!"

They shook their hands, this noble pair,
And o'er the "electric chain"
Came daily messages of peace
And love betwixt the twain.
When other nations, sore oppressed,
Lie dark in sorrow's night,
They look to Jonathan and John
And hope for coming light.

VISITING THE CITY.—A country gentleman who has lived near us so long that he might pass for a native of these diggins, although he was born nearer you than me, was obliged to visit your city on business, a few weeks ago, in the midst of the panic. He took quarters at a boarding house, and his rustic dress and appearance exposed him to the observation and remark of a smart young lady, of very uncertain age, who sat opposite to him at the dinner table. Taking him for a decidedly verdant son of the soil, she proceeded to quiz him at her leisure. The gentleman perceived her drift, and he humored the joke. In the course of her inquiries she asked—

"Did you ever visit our great city before?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did, several years since."

"Did you come by railroad or steamboat in those days?"

"Neither of them things was in use when I come to town."

"You must have come by stage?"

"Not exactly that way neither."

"In a wheelbarrow, perhaps?"

"No, not that way neither."

"You must come on foot?"

"Not exactly so, ma'am."

"Well, how then did you come—do tell us?"

"Well, if you must know, I was born here, June 24, 1814, at No. 40 Walker street, near the Bowery."

The young lady was perfectly satisfied. She dropped the conversation, dropped her napkin and finished her dinner another time, having learned a lesson to mind her own business.—*Harper's Navajoe.*

Physical Exercise.

The journals of health in various parts of the country gives a picture, by no means flattering, of the physical degeneracy of our countrymen. The evil complained of prevails principally in the cities which are always and everywhere nurseries of ill health, in which the men pass their time in dingy works shops and close counting-rooms, and the woman scarce ever place their feet on the pavement, and when they do, wear such thin shoes that colds and consumption are the general result. The consequence is a puny, pale-faced, dyspeptic race, as unlike as possible to the hale and vigorous men of the colonial era, and of the rural districts in our own time. We see but feeble and infrequent indications in any of our great cities of a people having the most remote connections with those magnificent races described by. Tacitus and others, as universally large of statue, perfectly formed, and excelling even the Romans in dignity and beauty. Think of the ancient Germans, the ancient Britons, (and many of the present ones,) the Romans and the Greeks, under the simple influences of exercise and plenty of open air. "We will defy any one," says a cotemporary, "to study this subject without becoming lost in wonder at the perfect science of life and its rational enjoyment which then prevailed, and without experiencing the deepest regret that we of the present day should so wastefully sacrifice such means of happiness. The lofty ideal of Greek art, which was the same thing as Greek life and Greek intellect, an ideal which humanity has never since attained, is all reducible to the simple problem of an intelligent race, developed by air, bathing and exercise. The Apollo, the Venus, the Jove—in short, the whole mythology of infinite beauty, and of ideas which bewilder the soul with admiration—are all but the result of constant familiarity with the human form perfected in its every phase. The thirty thousand gods and goddesses of classic mythology were every one reflected ideals of humanity which first attained what may be called an absolute of postive condition."

We are, therefore, pleased to see medical and other journals urging with great earnestness the important subject of physical exercise. If they can prevail upon our contrymen to take there advice on this point, to eat plain food, and give themselves time enough to eat; if they can induce American ladies to take out door exercise, and imitate the English ladies in wearing thick shoes in bad weather, and becoming great pedestrains in fine weather, they may possibly save the American people from becoming a nation of dwarfs or from entire extinction.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Whitefield's last Night.

A correspondent of The Independent furnishes the following characteristic anecdote of the last address of the great preacher. An admirable ending of a useful life:—

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," of whatever that heart may happen to be full. Rogers relates, in his lately published "Table-talk," that Fox often talked for half an hour after taking up the candle to go to bed." The circumstance reminded me of an anecdote of Whitefield, that has never, I believe, found its way into print. Whitefield had preached every day in Boston from the 17th to the 20th of September, 1770. On the 21st, he went to Portsmouth, where he preached daily from the 23d to 29th. On Saturday, the 29th, he preached nearly two hours at Exeter in the open air. In the afternoon, he rode to Newburyport, where he had engaged to preach the next morning. While he was at supper, many people crowded about the door of the house, and even pressed into and filled the hall, anxious to hear a word of direction and comfort from that voice which had so profoundly stirred their souls with the sense of sin and the need of Christ. Whitefield who was in a very exhausted and suffering state, said to one of the ministers with him, "Brother, you must speak to these dear people; I cannot say a word more." He then took the candle which was offered him; and began a hasty retreat toward his bedroom. When he had got about half way up the hall stairs, the thought of thus rushing away from that anxious crowd was too much for him, and he turned partly around to say a few words (they were to be his last!) of the soul and the Saviour; and *those words flowed on till the candle which he held in his hand burned away, and went out in its socket.* He then went to bed. Early the next morning he was seized with one of his terrible asthmatic paroxyisms, rushed to the window, and threw it up to get a breath of fresh air, and in a short time (about six o'clock) expired. Was not this "*finishing his course* with joy and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God!" Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. When He cometh at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in *the morning*, blessed is that servant."

ANOTHER FILLIBUSTER RUMOR.—MOBILE, Jan. 29—The Mercury says that Gen. Wm. Walker, in a speech delivered in this city on the 9th of October last, said that a confidential friend of his had an interview with a member of the Cabinet, who stated that the President was opposed to the Nicaraguan enterprise, but the member recommended that Walker should enter into a treaty with President Comfort, of Mexico, besiege Cuba, and thus produce a war with Spain. Walker, however, repudiated the proposition.

KANSAS—CUBA.—On the 27th instant Mr. J. Davis, late Secretary of War and now Senator at Washington from Mississippi, is reported to have submitted remarks to the following effect: "He denounced free soilers and abolitionists. He said the former were the greatest robbers of the two. The latter he pitied, but the former was not entitled to respect. The rights of the people of Kansas to govern themselves was a mere pretext of the freesoilers which the South must resist by force.